

# THE HERALD.

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**AN EXTRA, FOR SOUTHERN AND WESTERN CIRCULATION, will be ready in a few days. Merchants who wish to join will please send in their advertisements as soon as possible.**

## IMPORTANT FROM HARRISBURGH.

We received intelligence last Saturday and yesterday from Harrisburgh, by which we learn the friends of the general administration in that city, *express themselves as nearly certain, that Governor Ritner of Pennsylvania, will veto the Bank Bill now passing through the State Senate.* It is stated that his principal objection is to the improvement part of the plan. The anti-Bank party have offered to re-elect him as long as he pleases, if he will only take the position of General Jackson against the U. S. Bank, to which offer he has given in his adhesion.

It is further stated that a declaration to this effect, of the Governor, was made in Lancaster, on Saturday last, to a friend of the President's.

We scarcely know what opinion to form of this intelligence. It comes from a good source, but on the Jackson side. It is well known that the great mass of people in Pennsylvania, are anti-Bank—that Ritner was taken from that class—and that he has been heretofore in favor of the Bank, though somewhat equivocal. The whole force of the General Government, backed by the Surplus Revenue, may be a full match for Mr. Biddle, and \$23,000,000 capital. The contest is even and well matched—Jackson *versus* Biddle—twenty-five millions surplus revenue *versus* twenty-eight millions Bank capital. These are strange times—no telling what may turn up triumphs. Be wary good people.

Meantime an extraordinary excitement is beginning to pervade Pennsylvania on this question. On Friday last, Dr. Burden, one of the State Senators, was buried in effigy in Philadelphia. In Washington, the excitement is also great. At the last accounts the bill had passed through a second reading, and was ordered to a third reading for this day. Every mail will bring us important news. The whole presidential election may hang on the issue of this question.

**FROM THE SOUTH.**—A letter received at Hudson's News Room from Columbus, Ga., dated Feb. 3d, states that on the evening of the 3d, a fire broke out in that city, which destroyed a very large amount of property. No particulars were given, and the letter makes no mention of the Indians or the Indian hostilities.

A letter from Apalachicola of the 31st ult., says that there are a great number of vessels loading for different ports. Cotton is very plenty in the market, and every vessel there can have a full freight. No mention is made of the Indians.

**Last evening, about 9 o'clock, a fire broke out Brooklyn, which, from the light, appeared to rage violently, at the time our paper went to press. We have been unable to learn the particulars.**

**WEIGHING OF MERCHANDISE.**—A bill is now before the Legislature for the purpose of amending the tenth section of the existing law regulating the weighing of merchandise. It prohibits all persons, except such as are regularly appointed, from weighing any merchandise within the city for hire, pay, or reward, except such merchandise as is intended for the use or consumption of the city, under a penalty of \$100 for each offence. It likewise provides that nothing in the act shall be construed to prevent any person from weighing his own goods, or such as are consigned to him, either personally or by his general clerk or servant, not being a commissioned weigher.

**RIGHTS AND COMPETENCY OF WITNESSES.**—The bill brought into the Legislature on this subject by Mr. Hertell, provides that no person shall be deemed incompetent as a witness in any court on account of his religious belief; but the degree of obligation imposed by an oath, shall be a question of credibility, and no witness shall be questioned in relation to his belief or disbelief, of any religious doctrines or opinions.

**ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.**—On Saturday evening, about dusk, Mr. Baum, inspector of the Washington Market, brought to the police office, a very genteelly dressed young man, under the following circumstances. He had by some means or other gained admission into the loft of a store in the neighborhood of the market, and had hung himself with a piece of rope he had found lying there. Some person going into the loft saw him hanging and instantly cut him down, in time to save him from the commission of the dreadful act. When examined by Justice Wyman as to his name and residence, and the reasons that could have urged him to the commission of the awful crime, his answers plainly showed that his reason was somewhat impaired, yet from them we could gather the following facts.

His name is Peter McAuley—he had just arrived from Philadelphia, and is a mason by trade—his age was about twenty-three, and the only reason he could or would give for his conduct, was that some person had elandered him, and injured his character, and he would rather be out of the world than in it.

The magistrate humanely ordered that he should be given in charge to the Commissioners of the Almshouse, with a request that every precaution should be taken to prevent the recurrence of similar conduct on his part.

## ANOTHER NUN STORY.

So rapid has been the sale, and so wide the circulation of the veritable tale of nunery life at Montreal—that another of our enterprising book-sellers, taking pity on the ignorance of the age, is preparing to bring forth this week, a fresh volume of "Awful Disclosures," peppered and salted with more wonderful sauce than that written by Mr. Theodore Dwight, and dictated by pretty Maria Monk. This work has been in press for some time, and it will be published in a day or two, by Leavitt & Lord, Christian Booksellers, in Broadway. The brochure contains 300 closely printed pages, with thirteen beautiful copper plate engravings. We add a few extracts from the introductory chapter:—

The authoress of the Narrative was a poor, heart-broken widow, who, by the death of her husband, was left destitute, and far from her home, among strangers. Floating about, like a wreck, on the stormy sea of life, the adversity of fortune drove her to the Island of Cuba. She landed at Havana, the capital of that island, and there fell into the hands, not of the desperate pirates whose depredations are confined to the highway ocean, but into the hands of those Spiritual Pirates who, under the cloak of religion, prowl, like the midnight wolf, to seize and satiate their appetites upon the poor and wandering sheep who happen to fall into their way.

Hardly had her foot touched the shore, before one of these prowling wolves in sheep's clothing scented her out. He was one of the Reverend Fathers; honored, revered, and worshipped, by his people, whose voices he canonized, and upon whose credulity he lived. Disguised as a citizen, with the baldness of his head, shorn according to the discipline of his church, concealed and covered with a wig, he pays his addresses to the unfortunate stranger, gains her affections, conducts her to his house, and constitutes her, at once, Mistress of his domestic concerns. Had she known that the fond lover was a Popish Priest, never would she have yielded, as she declares, to his amorous solicitations. She knew it not, until she was his prisoner, and then the door of escape was closed.

Being Mistress of his house, and the Queen of his heart, all the domestic concerns were under her control. He poured out into her bosom the feelings that flowed through his polluted heart, and imparted to her, not only his own secrets, but those that were intrusted to him under the seal of Confession. She knew every thing; and she tells us what she knows. She was the witness of his character under all the various shapes which it assumed: at home, under the exterior of a Priest; abroad, under that of a citizen. She was his companion at the ball room, the masquerade, the gambling-tables, and the tea-parties. She accompanied him in the *Promenades*; rode with him in his nightly excursions for dissipation; was introduced by him to his fellow Priests, who were as profligate as himself, and was conducted, dressed as a monk, into the sacred recesses of the Convents. In fine, he introduced her into all the scenes of dissipation and vice in which he was accustomed to be found. Even when he was sent by his Bishop, abroad, on a parochial visit to Puerto Principe, even thither she had to go to gratify his inclinations, and to witness his atrocities. Here, poor Rosamond, for this is the name of the authoress, poor Rosamond here saw what no one but a fiend would ever have thought of perpetrating, and what none but a beast would have had the immodesty to do.

Here occurs a passage too indecent for our columns, but the pious believer in these nun stories, can find it at full length in the volume itself, as published by Leavitt, Lord & Co. The chapter goes on.

The Narrative is the unadorned effusions of a soul that has been beguiled by Priestly solicitations; kept in captivity during five years; deluded—lost—bewildered—and undone, by Priestcraft.

She represents, not the licentiousness of a single Priest, but the general depravity of a whole country. She presents us with the picture of Popery, as it existed in Cuba; and the same we have no doubt, extends through all the West India islands that are under the Priestly control of Rome. Many of the most important statements that she makes are confirmed by testimony that cannot be rejected. This we have introduced into the notes. Among other credentials, the thirty-two letters of the Rev. Father Pies, stand not the least conspicuous.

That these letters were written by the Reverend Father, whose signature they bear, we are ready to prove by two witnesses who are now in this city. We prove them too, by confronting them with his own hand writing, which it would be futile for him to deny.

We are sorry to have it to state, that the authoress, on her way in the steamboat from Philadelphia to New York, had her trunk stolen, or carried away by mistake. In this were some important scraps, and several letters written by her Priest, the Rev. Father Canto, and by other Priests. These would have been an inestimable appendage to the work. They would have shown, as the authoress has observed, "the Rev. Father's heart."

While we are touching upon this unfortunate occurrence, we would take the opportunity of requesting any one soever, who may know any thing relative to where those papers and letters may be found, to inform us of it. The letters must be in the hands of some one; other may have seen them; and we may yet have the satisfaction of ascertaining where they may be found. Should they yet be recovered, they shall be spread before the public.

In regard to the truth of the statements contained in this Narrative, we can say we have not the least doubt. We are personally acquainted with the authoress, and we hesitate not to express our opinion that she is a sincere convert and a devout-Christian. She appears before the public with the best of recommendations; and we pray that her life may be spared; and that she may long continue to be a bright and shining light, and an ornament to the Church of which he is a member.

We can say that no pecuniary inducement led to the writing of this work. She was actuated by no other motive than the love of God and the good of the world.

Her health is now so delicate and weak, that death seems already to have marked her as his own. She is wasting away under a complaint that seems bent on carrying her to the grave. She rejoices, however, at the prospect that lies before her; and feels willing to appear before her Judge. Her path of life has been strewn with thorns; her days have been few and full of evil; or, rather, it may well be said, one continual night has spread its mantle over almost all her life.

Under all these circumstances, who can doubt the truth of what she has disclosed?

One of the most incredible of all her relations, is confirmed by the testimony of Dr. Ethan A. Ward of this city, a gentleman highly esteemed as a physician, and for the integrity of his moral character. *This gentleman was in Havana, and saw the wretches executed for the atrocious crime of stealing young negroes, for the purpose of cutting them up, and making them into sausages?*

The Doctor returned to New York about two years before the escape of Rosamond, and had frequently mentioned the fact of the men's being executed for the above mentioned deed, even before such a person as Rosamond's being in Havana was known in this city; and Rosamond, the authoress of this Narrative, related the fact to her friends in this city, previous to her acquaintance with Doctor Ward, and without knowing that any one here had been informed of it.

We now leave the public to decide whether the relation of our authoress is not confirmed in a manner that puts the truth of it beyond the shadow of a doubt.

This book, it will be perceived, is written by the lady herself, ROSAMOND, as she calls herself, and contains nothing but facts, as the story of *making negroes into sausages* fairly illustrates. She now resides in this city, and is represented as being a beautiful, talented and accomplished widow, but whether she has eaten any of the holy sausages we know not. We have not seen either Rosamond or Maria Monk, although we have a monstrous itching (and we Scotchmen know what that sensation is) to call on both, to converse with them, and to cross examine them as to the correctness of their several stories. Rosamond is represented to be a far superior girl in talents and personal attractions to Maria. We shall of course incline towards the side of Rosamond in our editorials.

The story told by Rosamond is somewhat different in its details from that written by Mr. Theodore Dwight, Jr. The Island of Cuba is altogether a Catholic country, under a Catholic government—and of course the clergy possess an influence far beyond what they possibly can in such a wicked Protestant governed country as Canada. The beautiful orange groves, delightful scenery, and luxurious habits of the clergy in that paradise of Islands will be beautifully described. The engravings are also highly captivating.

Such we are informed will be the forthcoming work. We have reached, it will be perceived, a very remarkable crisis. These movements against Catholicity, commencing with the conflagration of the Convent in Charleston, and followed up by the violent incendiary publications last year by the Courier and Enquirer and Evening Star, have produced a morbidness in the public mind that nothing but horrors will satisfy—nothing but sausages made of negroes will allay. Of the present story, to be published by Leavitt & Lord, we shall reserve our remarks till the work shall appear. Of the Montreal story written by Mr. Theodore Dwight, Jr., it is certain the matter will not remain where it is. On the shoulders of Mr. Dwight must a large portion of the responsibility rest of the statements published by Howe & Bates. He ought immediately to come forth and state the evidence which induced him to believe her story, and shew cause why the affidavits we published on Saturday should be discredited.

As to the Rev. Mr. Hoyt we have no great opinion of his integrity, independent of his Montreal adventures. His conduct in relation to the Sunday School Mission is liable to the deepest suspicions. One fact is enough. He employed recently a legal gentleman of this city to accompany him to the apartments of Miss Monk, for the purpose of having an instrument signed by Maria constituting him [Hoyt] her heir and assignee in case of death. On Hoyt going to another room for pen and paper, Maria told the lawyer—"I don't know the reason that I should sign such a paper. I would prefer making \*\*\* my trustee." The lawyer instantly replied, "then Maria, if that is your view, you had better refuse altogether." She did so—and on her own authority we now assert that Hoyt presented to her a bill of charges for nearly \$900. Does he deny that fact? We moreover ask him whether he did not appropriate about \$260 of the proceeds of his collection in this city, for the Sunday School Mission, in Montreal, to the payment either of his own debts, or those of a brother in Connecticut?

[Private Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10, 1836.

The day has been uninteresting in both houses. The news from Harrisburgh has left no doubt, at the palace, of the triumph of the monster. Kitchen Cabinet Councils are held daily, to devise ways and means to carry on the war with the Bank. The first resort will be to a Democratic Convention, and a complete revolution in the representation of the State Legislature, with a view to effect, next year, a revocation, or rather, an amendment of the act granting the charter. The Globe has announced this measure already, and intimates that the President will pursue the course taken by General Washington in the matter of the Yazoo fraud, and, by a Proclamation, denounce the proceeding as a fraud, at the same time, warning the people of the United States not to be gulled by it.

If this course should not succeed, the next resort must be to a Grand Government Bank, such as was indicated by General Jackson, in his messages to Congress, during his first term. War with France, and the consequent necessity of a resort to large loans, and other facilities which a Government Bank could afford, will be resorted to, in justification of the measure. Congress is evidently much mystified by the mediation message and the accompanying explanations of the Globe. The

administration party appear to be in a fog, and to all questions put to them, stand mute. What will they do with the six millions appropriation for the navy, coupled, as it is, with the express statement of Mr. Dickerson, that it is recommended in apprehension of a war? Will they go it, or back out? I say they ought to support it, without reference to the war question. The money will be spent among us for provisions, labor, and materials, and will afford, in this way, a stimulus to industry, and afford relief to the money market. If this and the other bills for expending the surplus revenue should pass, New York will derive more benefit from them, than from any of the relief bills which have been so much talked about.

Friday, Feb. 12.

The President gave a magnificent ball and supper last night. The whole palace was thrown open, and music, dancing, coquetting, caucusing, and intriguing enlivened the scene. All the leading opposition members were present, except the nullifiers. The President was in high spirits. He got the news at seven o'clock, of the adoption of the *expunging* resolutions by the Virginia House of Delegates; of course, Tyler and Leigh, the opposition Senators, must obey the mandate or resign. Leigh, probably, will do neither. With a majority in the Senate, he can carry all his measures.

He has also derived much confidence from late occurrences at Harrisburgh. The bribery plot, he thinks, will defeat the Bank Charter yet. Krebs has been bribed to swear that a man offered him half the proceeds of some coal lands—say 4000 dollars, to vote for the charter,—and Krebs says he replied, in heroics—"I am poor, but the bank is not able to purchase me." Krebs may tell this to the marines. He might have made a better story, while he was about it. Who could be bought by the *promise* of half the value of a thing perhaps not worth anything. The thing is absurd. Why did he not say that a bank director put his hand into his pocket, and took a large roll of thousand dollar notes of the monster's money, and offered them to him, with a speech of this sort,—*"There, Mr. Krebs, we know you are an honest and conscientious politician, and we want such men. So we give you a retaining fee, although we know you are opposed to us."* Would not Krebs have transposed the deposit to his pocket, *just as easy* as Webb did the \$52,575.

The intelligence of the acceptance of the mediation by Louis Philippe, in a frank, unreserved, and gentleman-like manner, was received here to day, and must have a good effect upon our councils. Cushing, of Massachusetts, a clever young man, who came here with a high reputation, made an attack yesterday upon the whole western delegation, particularly upon the Ajax of the House, Mr. Ben. Hardin, and the way he got served up was a caution. The speech was the most absurd and ill timed, and unnecessary that I ever heard. Reed and Lincoln, and the rest of the Massachusetts men, are most disconcerted and chagrined by it. The fact is, that a man may write a clever article for the North American Review, and still have no tact nor ability for this theatre. Men come down to their true level here very quick.

**GENERAL SESSIONS, Saturday.**—The court room was crowded again to excess, as it was generally known that sentence would be passed upon the Fowlers, for the numerous burglaries committed by them in this city and other places.

The sentences of Simon Bonhomme, Wm. Hamilton and James Priestly were postponed until the next term at the request of their counsel.

James F. and Edward Fowler were then put to the bar to receive their sentence. Both the prisoners looked very much dejected and dispirited, and evidently suffering great mental distress. His honor, the Recorder, after having read to them the two indictments for which they were now to receive sentence and to which they had pleaded guilty, addressed the misguided young men, in a speech in which true parental feeling, pathetic interest, and a sense of religious duties were beautifully blended. He adverted in strong and touching terms to the state of broken hearted wretchedness into which their conduct had precipitated every member of their family. He bade them henceforth put their trust in God for his forgiveness, for no man ever could forgive them. He told them they must probably pass the rest of their lives in a prison, where the privilege of holding converse with a fellow being is denied them—where they would be compelled to work at the most laborious employment. He also read to the audience the letter written by James to his apprentices praying them to procure for him some saws in order that they might escape. Had the boys have done this they too would have been sent to the State prison, and thus through their means would another circle of fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends be plunged into the deepest distress. He wound up by exhorting them to patience and repentance, and passed upon them the penalty of the law—upon the first indictment of grand, 5 years at hard labor at Sing Sing, and upon the second, burglary in the first degree, 10 years at hard labor in the same place. And he further stated, that should either of them survive the present term of their punishment, the District Attorney then in office, would have a number of other indictments which would send them back for a longer time, than any mortal by possibility could live to see ended.

Several other sentences were passed, but none of any interest, and the Court adjourned to meet on the 1st Monday in March, at 11 o'clock.

## MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richmond, William Dawson, to Sarah, daughter of Peter A. Jay, Esq.

## DIED.

On 7th day morning aged 27 years, John D. Griffin, merchant of this city.

On the 12th inst., Mr. Mr. John W. Orrick. In Philadelphia Hon. Walter Franklin, President Judge of the Common Pleas, Quarter Sessions and Oyer and Terminer, aged 67 years.